

THE 2
M E R C H A N T
O F
V E N I C E:

A
C O M E D Y

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

Marked with the Variations in the

M A N A G E R ' s B O O K,

A T T H E

Theatre Royal in Drury Lane.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXXIII.

Dramatis Personæ. 1783.

Drury-Lane.

Covent-Garden.

Duke, - -	Mr. PACKER, - -	Mr. FEARON,
' Prince of Morocco.'		
' Prince of Arragon.'		
Antonio, -	Mr. BENSLEY, - -	Mr. CLARKE,
Bassanio, -	Mr. FARREN, - -	Mr. WROUGHTON,
Solanio, - -	Mr. FAWCETT, - -	Mr. BOOTH,
Solarino, -	Mr. PHILLIMORE, -	Mr. DAVIES,
Grafiano, -	Mr. PALMER, - -	Mr. LEE LEWES,
Lorenzo, -	Mr. WILLIAMES, -	Mr. MATTOCKS,
Shylock, -	Mr. KING, - -	Mr. MACKLIN,
Tubal, - -	Mr. WALDRON, -	Mr. THOMPSON,
Launcelot, -	Mr. PARSONS, - -	Mr. QUICK,
Gebbo, - -	Mr. WRIGHTEN, -	Mr. JONES,
Balthazar, -	Mr. NORRIS, - -	Mr. LEDGER,
Servant to Antonio, }	Mr. SPENCER, - -	Mr. HELME,
Leonardo, -	Mr. ALFRED, - -	Mr. PAINTER,
Portia, - -	Miss E. KEMBLE, -	Miss YOUNGE,
Nerissa, - -	Miss COLLETT, - -	Mrs. WILSON,
Jessica, - -	Miss WHEELER, -	Mrs. MORTON.

Senators of Venice, Officers, Goaler, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia.

20 - 638



THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

 The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatre are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as at Line 32 to 35 in Page 5.

ACT I. SCENE, *A Street in Venice.*

Enter Anthonio, Solarino, and Salanio.

Anthonio.

IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad :
It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn :

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;
There, where your Argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings,

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind ;
Prying in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads,
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea,
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,

But I should think of shallows, and of flats ;
 And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
 Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethink me strait of dangerous rocks ;
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream ;
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks ;
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
 To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,
 That such a thing, bechanc'd ; would make me sad ?
 But, tell not me ; — I know, Anthonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no : I thank my fortune for it,
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year :
 Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie !

Sola. Not in love neither ? Then let's say, you are sad,
 Because you are not merry : and 'twere as easy
 For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,
 Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
 Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
 And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper ;
 And others of such vinegar-aspect,
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
 Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare you well :
 We leave you now with better company.

Sola. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
 If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
 I take it, your own business calls on you,
 And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good Signiors both, when shall we laugh ? say,
 when ?

You

You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Sal. We'll make our leasures to attend on yours.

Sola. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Anthonio,
We two will leave you; but, at dinner-time,
I pray you have in mind, where we must meet.

Bass. I will not leave you. [Exit *Solar.* and *Sala.*]

Gra. You look not well, signior Anthonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Beheve me, you are marvellously chang'd

Anth. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play his part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the Fool:
With mirth and laughter, let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandfire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Anthonio,
(I love thee, and it is my love that speaks:)
There are a sort of men, whose visages,
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful softness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O, my Anthonio, I do know of those,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; 'who, I am very sure,
'If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
'Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.'
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo: Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Anth. Fare well : I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, 'faith ; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gra. and Loren.*]

Anth. Is that any thing now ?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
more than any man in all Venice : his reasons are, as
two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff ; you
shall seek all day ere you find them ; and when you have
them they are not worth the search.

Anth. Well ; tell me now, what lady is the same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
'That you to-day promis'd to tell me of ?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By shewing something a more swelling port,
Than my faint means would grant continuance ;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate : but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Anthonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love ;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it ;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means
Lye all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth ; and by adventring both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much ; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost : but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Anth.

OF VENICE.

Anth. You know me well ; and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance ;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me, what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it : therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues ; sometime from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages :
Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suiters : * and her sunny locks
* Hang on her temples like a golden fleece :
* Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
* And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Anthonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such-thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea ;
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum : therefore go forth ;
Try what my credit can in Venice do ;
That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently enquire, and so will I,
Where money is ; and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

S C E N E, *a Room in Portia's House at Belmont.*

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is weary
of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet Madam, if your miseries
were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are.
And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit
with too much, as they that starve with nothing : it is no
mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean ;
superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency
lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor mens cottages, princes' palaces. He is a good divine, that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. 'The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple.' But this reasoning is not in fashion to chuse me a husband: O me, the word chuse! I may neither chuse whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot chuse one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chuses his meaning, chuses you) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'st them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, There is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid, my lady, his mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then, there is the Count Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, chuse.* He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. ' In truth, I know, it is a sin to be a mocker :

' But, he ! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's ; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine : he is every man in no man : if a throstle sing, he falls strait a capering ; he will fence with his own shadow : if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him ; for if he loves me to madness, I shall never requite him.

' *Ner.* What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England ?

' *Por.* You know, I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him : he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian ; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture ; but, alas ! who can converse with a dumb show ? how oddly he is suited ! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

' *Nor.* What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour ?

' *Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him ; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able ; I think the Frenchman became his surety, and seal'd under for another.'

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew ?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober ; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk : when he is best, he is a little worse than a man ; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. And the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket ; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know, he will chuse it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be marry'd to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so very reasonable; for there is not one among them but I doat on his very absence, and pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so call'd.

Ner. True, madam. He, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise. How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should strive me, than wive me. Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before. — While we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *A public Place in Venice.*

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats: — well.

Bass. Ay, Sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months: — well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Anthonio shall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio shall become bound: — well.

Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Anthonio bound?

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man. —

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no; — my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is, to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an Argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats; water thieves; and land thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. — Three thousand ducats: I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assur'd, you may.

Shy. I will be assur'd I may; and that I may be assur'd,

I will bethink me. May I speak with Anthonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation, which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? — Who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is signior Anthonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning Publican he looks! I hate him for he is a christian: But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money *gratis*, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe, If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear? —

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: but soft, how many months
Do you desire? Rest you fair, good signior;

[To Anth.]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Anth. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom: — Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see, — But
hear you,
Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep, —
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not as you would say,
Directly, interest: mark, what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the yeanelings which were streak'd and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in yeaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Anth. This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob serv'd for;

A thing

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold, and silver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast: —
'But note me, Signior.'

Anth. Mark you this, Bassanio?
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose. —
An evil soul, producing holy witnesses,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, — 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Anth. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me,
About my monies, and my usances.
Still have I born it with a patient shrug:
(For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe)
You call me, misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine;
And all for use of that, which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; — you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies; — You say so; —
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; — monies is your suit;
What should I say to you? should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible,

A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this, — *Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these curtesies
I'll lend you this much monies?*

Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;

Who,

Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm?
I would be friends with you, and have your love;
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with:
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me;
This is kind I offer.

Anth. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show: —
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Anth. Content, in faith. I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Anth. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months (that's a month before
This bond expires) I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are!
Whose own hard dealings teaches them to suspect
The thoughts of others! pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, say; if not, adieu;

And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Anth. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.

[Exit
Anth.

Anth. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Anth. Come on; in this there can be no dismay:
My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE, Belmont.

*Enter the Prince of Morocco, and three or four Followers
accordingly; with Portia, Nerissa, and her Train.
Flourish Cornets.*

Morocco.

MISLIKE me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chusing.
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his will to yield myself
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you;
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,

Fluck

- ' Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-Bear,
 ' Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
 ' To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
 ' If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
 ' Which is the better man, the greater throw
 ' May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :
 ' So is Alcides beaten by his page ;
 ' And so may I, blind Fortune leading me,
 ' Miss that, which one unworthier may attain ;
 ' And die with grieving.
 ' Por. You must take your chance :
 ' And either not attempt to chuse at all,
 ' Or swear, before you chuse, if you chuse wrong,
 ' Never to speak to lady afterward
 ' In way of marriage. Therefore be advis'd.
 ' Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my
 chance.
 ' Por. First, forward to the temple : — After dinner
 ' Your hazard shall be made.
 ' Mor. Good fortune then. [Corns.
 ' To make me blest, or curs'd 't among men. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, Venice.

Enter Launcelot alone.

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run
 from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow,
 and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo,*
good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use
 your legs, take the start, run away. My conscience says,
no ; take heed, honest Launcelot ; take heed, honest Gobbo ;
or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo ; do not run ;
 scorn running with thy heels. Well, the most coura-
 geous fiend bids me pack ; *via !* says the fiend ; *away !*
 says the fiend ; *for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,*
 says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging
 about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,
my honest friend Launcelot, bring an honest man's son, or ra-
ther an honest woman's son — (for, indeed, my fa-
 ther did something smack, something grow too : he had
 a kind of taste.) — Well, my conscience says, *Launc-*
lot, budge not ; budge, says the fiend ; *budge not,* says my
 conscience : conscience, say I, you counsel well ; fiend,
 say I, you counsel well. To be rul'd by my conscience,
 I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless
 the

the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be rul'd by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo, with a Basket.

Gob. Master, young man; you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O Heavens, this is my true-begotten father, who being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not. — I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up, on your right-hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry, at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down directly unto the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's fonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwells with him, or not?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot? (mark me now, [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters;) Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, Sir, but a poor man's son. His father, though I say't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, Sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man: *ergo*; I beseech you; talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel post, a
staff

staff or prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, Sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing. Truth will come to light. Murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, Sir, stand up. I am sure, you are not Launcelot my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not, what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: — I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art my own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how thou art chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; how agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for my own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present! give him a halter; I am famish'd in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man; to him, father; — for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo, and a Follower or two more.

Bass. You may do so. — But let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; would'it thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, Sir, a poor boy, —

Laun. Not a poor boy, Sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, Sir, as my father shall specify, —

Gob. He hath a great infection, Sir, as one would say, to serve. —

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify, —

Gob. His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you, —

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is —

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

Bass. I know thee well. Thou hast obtain'd thy suit: Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment To leave a rich Jew's service to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, Sir; you have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son:

Take leave of thy old master, and enquire My lodging out. — Give him a livery,

[To his followers.

More guarded than his fellows: see it done.

Laun.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; — I have ne'er a tongue in my head. — Well, [*looking on his palm*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. — Go to, here's a simple line of life! Here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man. And then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed. — Here are simple 'scapes! Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this geer. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Laun. and Gob.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this: These things being bought and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done, believe,

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks.

[*Exit Leonardo.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio, —

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me, I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must: — But hear thee, Gratiano,

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice; — Parts, that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults; But where thou art not known, why, there they show Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain To allay with some cold drops of modesty Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour, I be misconstru'd in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:

If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear but now and then; Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely; Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, Amen;

• Use

OF VENICE.

Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *Shylock's House.*

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu! — Tears exhibit my tongue. [*aside.*]
Most beautiful Pagan, — most sweet Jew! if a Christian
did not play the knave and get thee, I am much de-
ceiv'd. But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat
drown my manly spirit: adieu! [*Exit.*]

Jes. Farewel, good Launcelot. —
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

S O N G, by JESSICA.

Haste, Lorenzo, haste away,
To my longing arms repair,
With impatience I shall die;
Come, and ease thy Jessy's care:
Let me then, in wanton play,
Sigh and give my soul away.

[*Exit.*]
SCENE,

THE MERCHANT

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away at supper-time,
Disguite us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sola. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock; we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter Launcelot, with a Letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An' it shall please you to break up this, it shall
seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, Sir, to bid my old master the Jew to
sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold, here, take this. — Tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her: — Speak it privately; go —
Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this masque to-
night?

I am provided of a torch bearer. [Exit Laun.]

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it strait.

Sola. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Fair

Come, go with me ; peruse this, as thou goest.
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *Shylock's House.*

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio : —

What, Jessica ! — thou shalt not gormandize,

As thou hast done with me ; — what, Jessica ! —

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out :

Why, Jessica, I say !

Laun. Why, Jessica !

Shy. Who bids thee call ? I did not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you ? What is your will ?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica ;

There are my keys : — But wherefore should I go ?

I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian. — Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house : — I am right loth to go ;

There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, Sir, go ; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together. — I will not say, you shall see a masque ; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What ! are there masques ? Hear you me ; Jessica,

Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum,

And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,

Clamber not you up to the casements then,

Nor thrust your head into the public street,

To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces :

But stop my house's ears, I mean, my casements ;

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter

My sober house. — By Jacob's staff, I swear,

I have

I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :
But I will go. — Go you before me, firrah :
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, Sir :
Mistress, look out at window, for all this ;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit Laun.]

Sby. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha ?

Jes. His words were, Farewel, mistress ; nothing
else.

Sby. The patch is kind enough ; but a huge feeder ;
Snail-slow in profit ; but he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat ; drones hive not with me ;
Therefore I part with him ; and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. — Well, Jefsica, go in ;
Perhaps, I will return immediately ;
Do, as I bid you : —

Shut the doors after you ; *fast bind, fast find* ;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.]

Jes. Farewel ; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.]

S C E N E, *The Street.*

Enter Gratiano and Salanio in Masquerade.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make a stand.

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever-run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, then they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

Gra. That ever holds. • Who riseth from a feast,
• With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
• Where is the horse that doth untread again
• His tedious measures with the unbated fire,
• That he did pace them first ? all things that are,
• Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
• How like a younker, or a prodigal,
• The skarfed bark puts from her naked bay,
• Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind !
• How like the prodigal doth she return,
• With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
• Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind.

Sal.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo. — More of this hereafter.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode :
Not I, but my affairs, have made me wait :
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then ; approach ;
Here dwells my father Jew : Ho ! who's within ?

SONG, by LORENZO.

*My blifs too long my bride denies ;
Apace the wasting summer flies :
Nor yet the wint'ry blasts I fear,
Nor storms nor night shall keep me here.*

*What may for strength with steel compare ?
O, love has fetters stronger far !
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd ;
But cruel love enchains the mind.*

*No longer then per'p'ex thy breast,
When thoughts torment, the first are best ;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
Away, my Jessy, haste away.*

Jessica above in Boy's Cloaths.

Jes. Who are you ? tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain ; and my love, indeed ;
For whom love I so much ? and now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours ?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness, that
thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains.
' I am glad, 'tis night, you do not look on me,
' For I am much asham'd of my exchange :
' But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
' The pretty follies that themselves commit ;
' For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
' To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames ?
' They in themselves, goodsooth, are too, too light.
' Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,
' And I should be obscur'd.'

Lor. ' So are you, sweet,
' Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.'

But come at once ;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you strait.

[Exit from above.

Gra. Now by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily :

For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;
And therefore like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica below.

What, art thou come ? — On, gentlemen, away ;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay. [Exit.

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there ?

Gra. Signior Anthonio ?

Anth. Fie, Gratiano ! where are all the rest ?

* 'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all stay for you : —
No masque to-night ; — the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard :
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't ; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [Exeunt.

* S C E N E, Belmont.

*Enter Portia with the Prince of Morocco, and both their
Trains.*

* *Por.* Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
* The several caskets to this noble prince.
* Now make your choice. [Three caskets are discovered.

* *Mor.* The first of gold, which this inscription bears ;
* Who chuseth me shall gain what many men desire.
* The second silver, which this promise carries ; —
* Who chuseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
* This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt ; —
* Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath. —
* How shall I know if I do chuse the right ?

* *Por.* The one of them contains my picture, prince :
* If you chuse that, then I am yours withal.

* *Mor.* Some God direct my judgment ! Let me see,
* I will survey the inscriptions back again ;
* What says this leaden casket ;

* Who

- ' *Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all be bath.*
 ' Must give ? — For what ? for lead ? hazard, for lead ?
 ' This casket threatens. Men, that hazard all,
 ' Do it in hope of fair advantages :
 ' A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ;
 ' I'll then not give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
 ' What says the silver with her virgin hue ?
 ' *Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*
 ' As much as he deserves ? — Pause there, Morocco,
 ' And weigh thy value with an even hand.
 ' If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
 ' Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough
 ' May not extend so far as to the lady ;
 ' And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
 ' Were but a weak disabling of myself.
 ' As much as I deserve ! — why, that's the lady :
 ' I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
 ' In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;
 ' But more than these, in love I do deserve.
 ' What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here ? —
 ' Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.
 ' *Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*
 ' Why, that's the lady ; all the world desires her :
 ' From the four corners of the earth they come
 ' To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
 ' The Hircanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
 ' Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares now,
 ' For princes to come view fair Portia.
 ' The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
 ' Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
 ' To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,
 ' As o'er a brook to see fair Portia.
 ' One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
 ' Is't like that lead contains her ? 'twere damnation
 ' To think so base a thought : it were too gross
 ' To rib her searcloth in the obscure grave.
 ' Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,
 ' Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold ?
 ' O, sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem
 ' Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
 ' A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
 ' Stamped in gold ; but that's insculp'd upon :
 ' But here an angel in a golden bed

- Lyes all within. Deliver me the key ;
 Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may !
 Por. There take it, prince, and if my form lye
 there,
 Then I am yours. [*Unlocking the gold casket.*
 Mor. O hell ! what have we here ?
 A carrion death, within whose empty eye
 There is a written scrowl ? I'll read the writing.
 All that glifters is not gold ;
 Often have you heard this told.
 Many a man his life hath sold,
 But my outside to behold.
 Gilded tombs do worms infold :
 Had you been as wise as bold,
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,
 Your answer had not been inscrol'd ;
 Fare you well ; your suit is cold.
 Mor. Cold, indeed ; and labour lost :
 Then farewell, heat ; and welcome frost.
 Portia, adieu ! I have too griev'd a heart
 To take a tedious leave. — Thus losers part. [*Exit.*
 Por. A gentle riddance : — draw the curtains ; go —
 Let all of his complexion chuse me so. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *The Rialto.**Enter Solarino and Salanio.*

Sal. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail ;
 With him is Gratiano gone along ;
 And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
 Sola. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,
 Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail ;
 But there the duke was given to understand,
 That in a Gondola were seen together
 Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica ;
 Besides Anthonio certify'd the duke,
 They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Sola. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
 So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
 As the dog Jew did utter in the streets ;
 My daughter ! — O, my ducats ! — O, my daughter !
 Fled with a Christian ? O, my Christian ducats ! —
 Justice ! the law ! — My ducats, and my daughter ! —
 A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
 Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter

And

*And jewels, 'two stones, two rich and precious stones,
'Stol'n by my daughter!' Justice! find the girl!
She hath the jewels upon her, and the ducats!*

'Sal. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
'Crying — his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
'*Sola.*' Let good Anthonio look he keep his day;
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;
Who told me, in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught.
I thought upon Anthonio, when he told me,
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

Sola. You were best to tell Anthonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part.
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, *Do not so.*
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love;
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love,
As shall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he puts his hand behind him.
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Sola. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Sal. Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*]

'SCENE, Belmont.

'Enter Nerissa with a Servant.

'Ner. Quick, quick, — I pray thee, draw the curtain
strait;
The prince of Arragon has ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his Train, Portia. Flourish of Cornets.

The Caskets are discovered.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince :
 If you chuse that, wherein I am contain'd,
 Strait shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd :
 But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
 You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoyn'd by oath to observe three things.
 First, never to unfold to any one
 Which casket 'twas I chose ; — next, if I fail
 Of the right casket, never in my life
 To woo a maid in way of marriage ; lastly
 If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
 Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
 That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address me. Fortune now
 To my heart's hope ! — Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
 You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
 What says the golden chest ? ha ! let me see —
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
 What many men desire, — That many may be meant
 Of the fool-multitude, that chuse by show,
 Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach ;
 Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet
 Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
 Even in the force and road of casualty.
 I will not chuse what many men desire,
 Because I will not jump with common spirits,
 And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
 Why then to thee, thou silver treasure-house : —
 Tell me once more, what title thou dost bear.
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves ;
 And well said too ; for who shall go about
 To cozen fortune, and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit ? Let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity.
 O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly ! and that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer !
 How many then should cover, that stand bare ?
 How many be commanded, that command ?
 How much low peasantry would then be gleaned

From

- ‘ From the true seed of honour ? and how much honour
- ‘ Pick’d from the chaff and ruin of the times,
- ‘ To be new varnished ? Well, but to my choice :
- ‘ *Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*
- ‘ I will assume desert : Give me a key for this,
- ‘ And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

‘ *Por.* Too long a pause for that which you find there.

[Unlocking the silver casket.]

- ‘ *Ar.* What’s here ! the portrait of a blinking idiot,
- ‘ Presenting me a schedule ? I will read it.
- ‘ — How much unlike art thou to Portia ?
- ‘ How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings ?
- ‘ *Who chuseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.*
- ‘ Did I deserve no more than a fool’s head ?
- ‘ Is that my prize ? are my deserts no better ?
- ‘ *Por.* To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
- ‘ And of oppos’d natures.

‘ *Ar.* What is here ?

- ‘ *The fire seven times tried this ;*
- ‘ *Seven times tried that judgment is,*
- ‘ *That did never chuse amiss.*
- ‘ *Some there be, that shadow kifs ;*
- ‘ *Such have but a shadow’s blifs :*
- ‘ *There be fools alive, I wis,*
- ‘ *Silver’d o’er, and so was this.*
- ‘ *Take what wife you will to-bed,*
- ‘ *I will ever be your head :*
- ‘ *So be gone, Sir, you are sped.*

- ‘ *Ar.* Still more fool I shall appear,
- ‘ By the time I linger here.
- ‘ With one fool’s head I came to woo,
- ‘ But I go away with two.

- ‘ Sweet, adieu ! — I’ll keep my oath,
- ‘ Patiently to bear my wroath.

[Exit.]

- ‘ *Por.* Thus hath the candle sing’d the moth.
- ‘ O, these deliberate fools ! when they do chuse,
- ‘ They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

- ‘ *Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy ;
- ‘ Hanging and wiving go by destiny.

‘ *Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

‘ *Enter a Servant.*

‘ *Serv.* Where is my lady ?

‘ *Por.* Here : What would my lord ?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
 ' A young Venetian, one that comes before
 ' To signify the approaching of his lord:
 ' From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
 ' To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
 ' Gifts of rich value; yet, I have not seen
 ' So likely an ambassador of love.
 ' A day in April never came so sweet,
 ' To show how costly summer was at hand,
 ' As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
 ' *Por.* No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,
 ' Thoul't say anon, he is some kin to thee,
 ' Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him. —
 ' Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
 ' Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly. }
 ' *Ner.* Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! }
 ' [Exeunt.]

A C T III.

S C E N E, *A Street in Venice.**Enter Salanio and Solarino.**Solarino.*

N O W, what news on the Rialto?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that An-
 thonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow
 seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very
 dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcases of many a
 tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be
 an honest woman of her word.

Sola. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever
 knapt ginger; or made her neighbours believe, she wept
 for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without
 any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of
 talk, that the good Anthonio, the honest Anthonio —
 O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name com-
 pany!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sola. ' Ha, — what say'st thou? — Why, the end is,
 he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Sola. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the devil cross
 thy

thy prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the taylor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sola. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sola. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh and her's, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish: — But tell us, do you hear, whether Anthonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares scarce shew his head on the Rialto: — a beggar that us'd to come so smug upon the mart; — let him look to his bond: 'he was wont to call me usurer: — let him look to his bond:' he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us,

shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, Revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Anthonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sola. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt Sala. and Solar.]

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! the curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! O, would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa ———

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an Argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God: Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: Good news, good news: ha! ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot chuse but break.

Shy. I am glad of it. I'll plague him, I'll torture him. I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: — It was my Turquoise, I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: go, Tubal, see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exeunt]

S C E N E, Belmont.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and Attendants.

The Caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry; — pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for, in chusing wrong I lose your company; therefore, forbear a-while. There's something tells me, but it is not love, I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
 ' Hate counsels not in such a quality.
 ' But lest you should not understand me well,
 ' (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought)
 ' I would detain you here some month or two,
 ' Before you venture for me.' I could teach you How to chuse right, but I am then forsworn;
 So will I never be: so you may miss me;
 But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
 That I had been forsworn. ' Beshrew your eyes,
 ' They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;
 ' One-half of me is yours, the other half yours,
 ' Mine own, I would say: but if mine, then yours;
 ' And so all yours. Oh! these naughty times
 ' Put bars between the owners and their rights:
 ' And so though yours, not yours. — Prove it so,

- * Let Fortune go to hell for it, — Not I.
- * I speak too long; but 'tis to piece the time,
- * To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
- * To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me chuse;

For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

- * *Por.* Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
- * What treason there is mingled with your love?

- * *Bass.* None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
- * Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
- * There may as well be amity and life
- * 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

- * *Por.* Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,
- * Where men enforced do speak any thing.

* *Bass.* Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

* *Por.* Well then, confess and live.

* *Bass.* Confess, and love,

- * Had been the very sum of my confession.

- * O, happy torment, when my torturer

- * Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then! I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof. —

Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music. — That the comparison

- * May stand more just, my eye shall be the stream

- * And wat'ry death-bed for him. — He may win;

- * And what is music then? then music is

- * Even as the flourish, when the subjects bow

- * To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,

- * As those dulcet sounds in break of day,

- * That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

- * And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

- * With no less presence, but with much more love,

- * Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

- * The virgin tribute, paid by howling Troy

- * To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,

- * The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

- * With bleared visages come forth to view

- * The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!

* Live

‘ Live thou, I live. — With much, with more dismay
 ‘ I view the sight, than thou that mak’st the fray.

[*Music plays.*]

‘ A Song, whilst Bassanio comments on the Caskets to himself.

‘ Tell me, where is fancy bred,

‘ In the heart, or in the head?

‘ How begot, how nourished?

Reply.

‘ It is engender’d in the eyes

‘ With gazing fed; and fancy dies

‘ In the cradle where it lies:

‘ Let us all ring fancy’s knell.

‘ I’ll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.

All. ‘ Ding, dong, bell.’

Bass. — So may the outward shows be least themselves;

The world is still deceiv’d with ornament.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,

But being season’d with a gracious voice,

Obscures the show of evil? In religion,

What damned error, but some sober brow

Will bless it, and approve it with a text,

Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

There is no vice so simple, but assumes

Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false

As flairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;

Who, inward search’d, have livers white as milk?

‘ And these assume but valour’s excrement,

‘ To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,

‘ And you shall see ’tis purchas’d by the weight;

‘ Which therein works a miracle in nature,

‘ Making them lightest that wear most of it.

‘ So are those crisped snaky golden locks,

‘ Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,

‘ Upon supposed fairness, often known

‘ To be the dowry of a second head,

‘ The skull, that bred them, in the sepulchre.

‘ Thus ornament is but the gilded shore

‘ To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf

‘ Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,

‘ The seeming truth which cunning times put on

‘ To entrap the wisest.’ Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee :
 Nor none of the thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meager lead,
 Which rather threatnest, than dost promise aught,
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence ;
 And here chuse I. Joy be the consequence !

Por. 'How all the other passions fleet to air,
 'As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embriac'd despair,
 'And fludd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.'
 O, love, be moderate, allay thy ecstacy,
 In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess ;
 I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
 For fear I surfeit !

[Opening the leaden casket.]

Bass. What find I here ?

Fair Portia's counterfeit ? What Demy-god
 Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
 Seem they in motion ? Here are fever'd lips
 Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends. 'Here in her hairs
 'The painter plays the spider ; and hath woven
 'A gold mesh to intrap the hearts of men,
 'Faster than gnats in cobwebs.' But her eyes, —
 How could he see to do them ? having made one,
 Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
 And leave itself unfurnish'd. 'Yet look how far
 'The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
 'In underprizing it, so far this shadow
 'Doth limp behind the substance.' — Here's the scrowl ;
 The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that chuse not by the view,
 Chance as fair, and chuse as true !
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content, and seek no new.
 If you be well pleas'd with this,
 And hold your fortune for your bliss,
 Turn you where your lady is,
 And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scrowl. — Fair lady, by your leave, —

[Kissing her.]

I come by note, to give and to receive.

'Like one of two contending in a prize,
 'That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
 'Hearing applause, and universal shout,

‘ Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt,
 ‘ Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;
 ‘ So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so,
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,
 Until confirm’d, sign’d, ratify’d by you.

Por. You see, my lord Bassanio, where I stand,
 Such as I am. Tho’, for myself alone,
 I would not be ambitious in my wish,
 To wish myself much better ; yet, for you,
 I would be trebled twenty times myself,
 A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
 More rich ; that, to stand high in your account,
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
 Exceed account : but the full sum of me
 ‘ Is sum of something ; which, to term in gross,
 Is an unlesson’d girl, unschool’d, unpractis’d ;
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn ; and happier than this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
 Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
 Commits itself to yours to be directed,
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.
 Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
 Is now converted : but now I was the lord
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
 Queen o’er myself ; and even now, but now,
 This house, these servants, and this same myself
 Are yours, my lord ; I give them with this ring ;
 Which, when you part from, lose, or give away,
 Let it presage the ruin of your love,
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all my words,
 ‘ Only my blood speaks to you in my veins :
 ‘ And there is such confusion in my powers,
 ‘ As, after some oration fairly spoke
 ‘ By a beloved prince, there doth appear
 ‘ Among the buzzing pleased multitude ;
 ‘ Where every something, being blent together,
 ‘ Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
 ‘ Express, and not express.’ But when this ring
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence ;
 O, then be bold to say, Bassanio’s dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
 That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,

To

To cry, good joy : Good joy, my lord and lady !

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me :
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship ; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours ;
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
You lov'd, I lov'd ; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there ;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls :
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love ; at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa ?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy, for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down ?

Gra. No, we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down. —

But who comes here ? Lorenzo and his infidel ?

What, and my old Venetian friend, *Salanio* ?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salanio.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salanio, welcome hither ;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord ; they are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here ;
But meeting with *Salanio* by the way,

He

He did intreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for't. Signior Anthonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope this letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will shew you his estate. [*Bassanio opens a letter.*]

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger: bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salanio: What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Anthonio?
I know, he will be glad of our success:
We are the Jafons, we have won the fleece.

Sal. Would you had won the fleece, that he hath
lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon' same
paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio, I am half yourself,
And I must have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true. And yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart: When I told you,
My state was nothing, I should then have told you,
That I was worse than nothing. For, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his meer enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? what not one hit?

From

From Tripolis, from Mexico, from England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scap'd the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning, and at night.
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
The duke himself and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Anthonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Anthonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me; the kindest man,
• The best condition'd: — an unweary'd spirit
• In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through my Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time,

Will live as maids and widows. Come, — away!

For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.

Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheer;

Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.

— But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. reads. SWEET Bassanio, my ships have all miscarry'd,
my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very
low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it
is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and
me, if I might but see you at my death, Notwithstanding,
use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come,
let not my letter.

Por. O, love, dispatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste: but till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [Exit.

S C E N E, A Street in Venice.

Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, and the Goaler.

Shy. Goaler, look to him: ——— Tell not me of
mercy; ———

This is the fool, that lent out money gratis; ———
Goaler, look to him.

Anth. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond.

Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause;

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.

The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,

Thou naughty goaler, that thou art so fond

To come abroad with him at his request.

Anth. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; ——— I will not hear thee
speak: ———

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,

To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield

To Christian intercessors. Follow not;

I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[Exit Shylock.

Sola. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Anth. Let him alone;

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers:

He

He seeks my life ; his reason well I know :
 I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
 Many that have at times made moan to me.
 Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am sure, the duke
 Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Anth. The duke cannot deny the course of law ;
 For the commodity that strangers have
 With us in Venice, if it be deny'd,
 Will much impeach the justice of the state ;
 Since that the trade and profit of the city
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go ;
 These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor. ———
 Well, goaler, on ——— Pray God, Bassanio come
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not ! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, Belmont.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
 You have a noble and a true conceit
 Of God-like amity ; which appears most strongly
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
 But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
 How true a gentleman you send relief,
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
 I know, you would be prouder of the work,
 Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent of doing good,
 And shall not now : for in companions
 ' That do converse and waste the time together,
 ' Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
 ' There must needs be a like proportion
 ' Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit ;
 ' Which makes me think, that this Anthonio,
 ' Being the bosom-lover of my lord,
 ' Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
 ' How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
 ' In purchasing the semblance of my soul
 ' From out the state of hellish cruelty ?
 ' This comes too near the praising of myself ;
 Therefore, no more of it. Hear other things. ———
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
 The husbandry and manage of my house,

Until

Until my lord's return. For mine own part,
 I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
 To live in prayer and contemplation,
 Only attended by Nerissa here,
 Until her husband and my lord's return.
 There is a monastery two miles off,
 And there we will abide, I do desire you,
 Not to deny this imposition;
 The which my love, and some necessity
 Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
 And will acknowledge you and Jessica
 In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
 So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jesf. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
 To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt Jesf. and Lor.*]

Now, Balthazar,

As I have ever found thee honest, true,
 So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
 And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
 In speed to Padua; see thou render this
 Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
 And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
 Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
 Unto the Traject, to the common ferry
 Which trades to Venice: waste no time in words,
 But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*]

Por. Come on, Nerissa, I have work in hand,
 That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands,
 Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
 That they shall think we are accomplished
 With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
 When we are both apparell'd like young men,
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace;

And speak between the change of man and boy,
 With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride, and speak of frays,
 Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
 How honourable ladies sought my love,
 Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd;
 I could not do with all: — then I'll repent,
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
 And twenty of these pupy lies I'll tell,
 That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
 Above a twelvemonth. I have in my mind
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
 Which I will practise.

* *Ner.* Why, shall we turn to men?

* *Por.* Fie, what a question's that,

* If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?

But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
 When I am in my coach; which stays for us
 At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
 For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly: — for, look you, the sins of the
 father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I
 promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you:
 and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: There-
 fore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are
 damp'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you
 any good; and that is but a kind of a bastard hope
 neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father
 got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed. So
 the sins of my mother shall be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear, you are damn'd both by
 father, and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your fa-
 ther, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are
 gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made
 me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians
 enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by
 another: This making of Christians will raise the price
 of

of hogs : if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say : Here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo ; Launcelot and I are out : he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter : and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth ; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly : the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be *more* than reason ; but if she be *less* than an honest woman, she is, indeed, *more* than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word ! ' I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence ; and discourse grow commendable in none but parrots.' Go in, firrah ; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, Sir ; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you ! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, Sir ; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir ?

Laun. Not so, Sir, neither ; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion ! wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant ? I pray thee understand a plain man in his plain meaning : go to thy fellows ; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, Sir, it shall be serv'd in ; for the meat, Sir, it shall be covered ; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

[*Exit Laun.*]

Lor. O, dear discretion, how his words are suited !
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words : And I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How far'st thou, Jessica ?

And

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:
And, if on earth he do not merit it, then
In reason, he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two Gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon. First, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things,
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth.

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Senate-house in Venice.*

Enter the Duke, the Senators, Anthonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, and others.

Duke.

WHAT, is Anthonio here?

Anth. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I'm sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Anth. I have heard,
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,

The

The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face. —

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt shew thy mercy, and remorse, more strange,
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.

And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,

But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;

Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,

That have of late so huddled on his back,

Enough to press a royal merchant down,

And pluck commiseration of his state

From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint;

From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd

To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,

To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

If you deny it, let the danger light

Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.

You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have

A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive

Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;

But, say, it is my humour: 's it answer'd?

What if my house be troubled with a rat,

And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats

To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?

Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;

Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;

And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,

Cannot contain their urine. For affection,

Masters of passion, sway it to the mood

Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer.

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,

Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
 Why he, a swollen bag-pipe ; but of force
 Must yield to such inevitable shame,
 As to offend, himself being offended ;
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
 More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
 I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus
 A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

Bass. Do all men kill the thing they do not love ?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee
 twice ?

Anth. I pray you, think, you question with the Jew.
 You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height.
 You may as well use question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make a noise,
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven.
 You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seek to soften that, (than which what's harder ?)
 His Jewish heart : — Therefore, I do beseech you,
 Make no more offers, use no farther means ;
 But, with all brief and plain conveniency
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
 Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
 I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring
 none ?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?
 You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
 Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,
 Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?
 Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates

Be season'd with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are ours: — So do I answer you,
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice.

I stand for judgment. Answer, shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sal. My lord, here stays, without,
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Anthonio! What man? courage
yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Anth. I am a tainted weather of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your
grace.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. 'Not on thy foal, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
'Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can,
'No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness
'Of thy sharp envy.' Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd!
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unballow'd dam,

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. — I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court. —
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place: —
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

YOUR Grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your
letter, I am very sick: but at the instant that your messenger
came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of
Rome, his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause
in controversy between the Jew, and Anthonio, the merchant.
We turn'd o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my
opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatness
whereof I cannot enough commend) comes with him at my im-
portunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I be-
seech you, let his lack of years be no impediment, to let him
lack a reverend estimation: for I never knew so young a body
with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance,
whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Enter Portia, dress'd like a Doctor of Laws.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario what he writes;
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

— Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference,
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Anthonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.

— You stand within his danger, do you not? [*To Anth.*

Anth.

Anth. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Anth. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;

It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes;

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown:

His scepter shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings:

It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then show likest God's,

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Tho' justice be thy plea, consider this,—

That in the course of justice none of us

Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the justice of thy plea;

Which, if thou follow, this swift court of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;

Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,

I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.

If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,

Wrest once the law to your authority.

To do a great right, do a little wrong;

And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice,

Can alter a decree established;

'Twill be recorded for a precedent;

And many an error, by the same example,

Will rush into the state:—It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel.
O, wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Per. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Per. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, — I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

Per. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Auth. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Per. Why, then thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O, noble judge! O, excellent young man!

Per. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O, wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Per. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond; doth it not, noble judge?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Per. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the
flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Per. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Per. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good, you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Per.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

Anth. But little : I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.

— Give me your hand, Bassanio, fare you well !

Grieve not, that I am fallen to this for you ;

For herein fortune shews herself more kind,

Than is her custom. It is still her use,

To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

As age of poverty ; from which lingering penance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife :

Tell her the process of Anthonio's end ;

Say, how I lov'd you : speak me fair in death ;

And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you, that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not, that he pays your debt ;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,

Which is as dear to me as life itself ;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.

• I would lose all ; ay, sacrifice them all

• Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love :

I would, she were in heaven, so she could

Intreat some power to change this curriish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well, you offer it behind her back ;

The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter ;

'Would, any of the stock of Barrabas

Had been her husband, rather than a Christian ! [*Aside.*]

— We trill time ; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine,

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast ;

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge ! ——— A sentence ; ———
come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little ; — there is something else. —
 This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
 The words expressly are, a pound of flesh ;
 Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;
 But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
 One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
 Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
 Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O, upright judge ! — Mark, Jew ; — O, learned judge !

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act ;

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
 Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O, learned judge ! — Mark, Jew — a learned judge !

Shy. I take this offer then ; — pay the bond thrice,
 And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. 'Soft ;

The Jew shall have all justice ; — soft ! — no haste —
 He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O, Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,
 But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more
 Or less, than just a pound, be it but so much
 As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
 Or the division of the twentieth part
 Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale turn
 But in the estimation of a hair,
 Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !
 — Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause ? — take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court ;
 He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !
 I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have my principal ?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That, by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seeks the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice;
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou may'st see the difference of our
spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that.
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter grace; nothing else, for God's sake.

Anth. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman,
That lately stole his daughter.

'Two things provided more, — That for this favour
He presently become a Christian;
'The other, that he doth record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
'To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[Exit Shylock.

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner:

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
I must away this night to Padua,
And it is meet, I presently set forth.

Duke. I'm sorry, that your leisure serves you not.
— Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[Exit Duke and his train.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I, and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Anth. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am satisfy'd,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear Sir, of force I must attempt you further.
Take some remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

Give

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good Sir, alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this.
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, Sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good Sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enmity for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.

[Exit with Nerissa.]

Anth. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring.
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,
Unto Anthonio's house. — Away, make haste.

— Come, you and I will thither presently;

And in the morning early will we both

Fly toward Belmont. Come, Anthonio.

[Exit.]

SCENE, A Street.

Re-enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it. Well away to-night,

And be a day before our husbands home.

This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:

My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,

Hath sent you here this ring; and doth intreat

Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept most thankful'y.
And so I pray you, tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you, shew my youth old Shyleek's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring; [To *Por.*
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old
swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-swear them too.

— Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will
tarry.

Ner. Come, good Sir, will you shew me to this house?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, Belmont. A Garden belonging to Portia's House.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lorenzo.

THE moon shines bright: — in such a night as
this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old Aeson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;

And

And with an unthrif love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jef. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear, he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jef. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But hark! I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Balthazar.

Lor. Who comes so fast, in silence of the night?

Balth. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you,
friend?

Balth. Balthazar is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont. She doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels, and prays,
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Balth. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.

— I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him. —
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo and mistress
Lorenza? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave following, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. H—

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master
with his horn full of good news. My master will be here
ere morning.

Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their
coming.

And yet no matter: — Why should we go in?
My friend Balthazar, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And

And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit Balth.*
 How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon th' is bank!
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sir, Jessica: Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlay'd with pattens of bright gold;
 There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st.
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-y'd cherubim;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls!
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Dush grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
 Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
 And draw her home with music.

SONG, by LORENZO.

*To keep my gentle Jessy,
 What labour wou'd seem hard;
 Each toilsome task how easy!
 Her love the sweet reward.*

*The Bee thus, uncomplaining,
 Esteems no toil severe;
 The sweet reward obtaining,
 Of honey, all the year.*

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
 Which is the hot condition of their blood;
 If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;

The

The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted. — Mark the music.

Enter Portia and Nerissa at a Distance.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall :
— How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by ; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. — Music, hark ! *[Music.]*

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect :
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended ; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection ?

— Peace ! how the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd ! *[Music ceases.]*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the
cuckow,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd ?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet ;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go, Nerissa,
Give orders to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence.
— Nor you, Lorenzo : Jessica, nor you.

[A trumpet sounds.]

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet :
— We are no tell-tales, madam, fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light
sick,

It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,

'Such as the day is when the sun is hid.'

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the antipodes,

If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;

For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,

And never be Bassanio so for me;

But God fort all! — You are welcome home, my

lord!

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my

friend.

— This is the man, this is Anthonio,

To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house.

It must appear in other ways than words;

Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

[Gratiano and Nerissa seem to talk apart.]

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,

Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. Acquaint, ho, — already? — what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,

That she did give me; whose poetry was

For all the world like cutler's poetry

Upon a knife; Love me, and leave me not.

Ner. What talk you of the poetry, or the value?

You swore to me, when I did give it you,

That you would wear it till your hour of death;

And that it should lie with you in your grave.

Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,

You should have been respective, and have kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk! — but well I know,

The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, — a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, — the judge's clerk
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left-hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too: — And then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When aught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,

You

You would not then have parted with the ring.

What man is there so much unreasonable,

If you had pleas'd to have defended it

With any terms of zeal, warded the modesty

To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe; —

I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, — by my soul, —

No woman had it, but a Civil doctor,

• Who did refuse three thousand ducats of me,

• And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,

• And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;

Even he, that did uphold the very life

Of my dear friend. • What should I say, sweet lady?

• I was enforc'd to send it after him;

• I was beset with shame and courtesy;

• My honour would not let ingratitude

• So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,

• And by these blessed candles of the night,

Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd

The ring of me, to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,

And that which you did swear to keep for me,

I will become as liberal as you;

I'll not deny him any thing I have,

No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:

Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.

Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:

If you do not, if I be left alone,

Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,

I'll have that doctor for my bed-fellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; — therefore, be well advis'd,

How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let me not take him then;

For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Anth. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you: — You are welcome, notwithstanding,

Bass. • Portia, forgive me this enforc'd wrong;

• And in the hearing of these many friends.

• I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,

• Wherein I see myself. —

• *Por.* Mark you but that!

- In both mine eyes he doubly sees himself;
- In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
- And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which but for him, that had your husband's ring,

[To Portia.

Had quite miscarry'd. I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Anth. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor.

Por. I had it of him: — pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-ways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough.
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly. — You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;

It comes from Padua, from Bellario:

There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;

Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo, here,

Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,

And even but now return'd: I have not yet

Enter'd my house. — Anthonio, you are welcome;

And I have better news in store for you,

Than you expect: unseal this letter soon,

There you shall find, three of your Argosies

Are richly come to harbour suddenly:

You shall not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this letter.

Anth. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-fellow;

When

69 THE MERCHANT, &c.

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee. —
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfy'd
Of these events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon interrogatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so. The first interrogatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.
But were the day came, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt omnes*]

THE END.

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